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THE HIGHEST LAW.

BY

REV. D. M. HODGE.

"For I am ware it is the seed of act,
God holds appraising in His hollow palm."

ROBERT BROWNING.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.



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TO

M . L . H .

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY AND KINDLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PROEMIAL.

PROEMIAL.



FOR those who have studied carefully, and with due reflection, the history of our social life for some years past, logic can not levi-gate the fact that our criminal laws do not, for some reason, perfectly meet the ends for which we suppose them to exist. While we expect them to diminish crime and its fearful consequences, we must all agnize that criminality goes on steadily increasing. While we believe they should continually elevate and purify public feeling, we seem rushing, without let, toward some lightless Abaddon of social ruin, which never returns to this world its dead. Looking to see them work out a permanent divorce between anarchy

and our American civilization, we see in the flashes of prophetic light the threatened union of these, not many ages distant.

These years speak their own language. They utter their own warning, and we should arise with growing dread to hear it. Yet we go on in our blind, reckless way, assuming that our agencies for our own betterment are infallibly the right ones, and at the same time, with a singular alchemy, that the growing badness of society is inevitable, and this sickening smoke of Hell a necessary element of a republican atmosphere. But is it not time to throw off this lethal nightmare of stupidity and ask if the world is already so near the millennial Golden Age that the means of its better governance are all exhausted? if we are, in reality, wise in our day and generation, doing always the right things for the reformation of our fallen? It is time for us to ask if our present statutes, political and social, are indeed redeeming angels to

the weak and tempted and untaught and willful of God's Earth ; if the godless passion of revenge is indeed the true basis of human law ; if the vindictive punishment of wrongdoing is the proper aim of law-making, while law sanctions the wide-spread scattering of the seeds of sin ; if American civil society has a holy right to murder her own bastards, benempt Crime and Sin, and continue to create them.

As the world grows older and wiser, it may be found that justice is something wholly different from revenge ; that a just government, since Christ has lived upon the Earth, accepts not the old law, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Justice was once veiled in the blood-suggesting drapery into which words like these were woven, waiting for an unveiling in Christian years. When they are more fully come, we shall discern, as the rabble do not now, her fellowship with love and wisdom.

The progress of the world has been marked by the use of the higher elements and instrumentalities instead of the lower, for the production of the better results of each separate age. But the beginning was very low down. Men could not drive the fast steeds first. They stood in awe of the higher elements, rather than used them for their service. The power of tireless rivers turned no busy wheels. The unweary, unseen, electric forces of earth and air had not been taught an articulate language. Water, from which the ancient drank, had not brought forth, in its labour-heat, a mighty, yet manageable steed for him. He did not know, and therefore could not profit by the depths of meaning and the miracles of power which were everywhere about him, and when they were first revealed they met only the scorn and ridicule of skeptics. But finally, in the gloaming of a new age, men began to learn that they and the elements and powers of nature were made for each

other ; that man as the irregular, volitient being, might use the constant, law-heeding forces for the carrying into action of his purposes, if he would only put his labour in their road. All things in nature move their ceaseless way. If man puts his treadmill in their path they make it go. But there arose experiment, partial failure, new experiment, and therefore,—improvement. Of nothing has this been more true than of government. In this work there are, certes, constant elements of human nature to be taken advantage of, and in a collective way, turned against the special aberrant tendency of the individual, and men began by using the lowest elements at the first. Revenge before reason ; brute force before spiritual ; Tables of Stone before the tablets of human hearts ; such was the way of the world.

While chivalries, religions, paganisms glorified revenge, there came a new power into the world, not to condemn but to save ; not

to visit the individual with new inflictions, devised by vindictive wrath, but to place a new restraint upon the human heart, the iniquitous origin of evil doing. It began by an Annunciation from high heaven to a Virgin. Verily, it came with no new scorpion whips, no new Sinai thunders. It was the same voice that spoke. It aimed, as in the old age, to reach self-fallen men. The world-creating power of Omnipotence was in it, but hidden now, and unconfessed, save when the wings of more than twelve legions of the angels murmur in the air. There was no new surging earthward of the hell-flames. The power was not of a wrathful, but a grieved God, longing to save; hungering, not for the inevitable, retributive wretchedness of sinful souls, but for their reconciliation to Himself,—the saving of them from the darkness and ruin of sin. It is this power and this providence which are the acme of Divinity, the clear-shining light which so

comes into our earth's dark and damp from the strong tor of God, that no straying, stumbling, human child can fail to recognize it. Higher than Moses is Jesus Christ; the incarnation of the HIGHEST, even. Towering above the Mosaic Law is the New Law, teaching, if it teaches anything at all, that the work to be done under its dispensation is not to condemn, but save; not to curse, but, if possible, redeem. Whatever God may have for men in the future, this is His work in the present. It may be easier to kill than to cure; to destroy the work of sin than to prevent sin from doing its work, by taking away its machinery. The satanic road always promises well in the beginning. Present expediency is the standard Plutonian argument. But I think there is a long expediency, with God pointing to it; that there are heroes, saints, God's men, in this world, and a much better one somewhere, who have found this way a very comfortable one to

travel, and in the end the best one they could have journeyed over; have found, indeed, that this was the only road leading to any place worth going to. And I think that we, as a people, will find the work God puts before us about the only work worth doing; the only work in the end expedient for us. It is not good to kick against the pricks. When God sets the machinery of this world running in a certain way, a people, or a government which sets itself desperately going in an opposite way, will arrive at something; and that something,—if it persists long enough, will be—an end. There ought to be no doubt of that. When God's work is redemption, and a certain people, caring nothing about saving, goes on destroying men, soul and body; goes on permitting men to be destroyed, concentrating its whole power on destruction, that people will arrive at something,—will arrive at a very palpable Hell before it knows it. And there ought to be no doubt

about that. Some day there will not be. This American people seems to be making pretty good speed to this end just now, and the problem is to check it and finally turn it the other way. When prophets are few, the people must speak, first listening to the still, small voices. And these voices—do they not speak in clear words to us all, teaching all who are teachable, that it is because we despise the highest elements of government, and refuse to employ the highest powers of human nature, that the darkness given us for resting in, unsheathes the assassin's blade and opens all our doors to crimes as black as any which this ill-going earth has ever known? Again I say, it is very hard to kick against the pricks. With our ideas of government and law, founded on lawlessness,—on revenge which is lawlessness,—with our brainless and soulless assumption that God's laws are very comfortable things to hear about, now and then, but very ridiculous things to

go out into the world with, and attempt to govern men with, that is precisely what we are doing. I think that, on the whole, God has managed this Universe, so far as His power extended, very satisfactorily. All the terrible sense of failure in it, all the sin and wrong of it, all the disorder and moral paralysis of it, come of thinking there is a wiser way to manage its affairs than God has found out; come of thinking man's way best and wisest. Christianity, according to modern wisdom, is a very good thing as a theory, but it will not do in business,—it will not do in law. Man's way is much the wisest there, we say. This plan has been followed about nineteen hundred years now, by a certain class of men. A few men have given some attention to heaven's work of saving. A great many have given attention to the Fiend's work of destroying. I say it fearlessly,—law has been, in good part, the Fiend's servant. It is to-day his servant,

working the ruin of men; in many silent ways, most surely working it; choking the poor wretches at the last, for being ruined by it. A few men pay a certain fee for the privilege of shooting at the souls of all men from a drug-filled bottle, and of bringing down whom they can. Law takes the wounded, fever-maddened victim and shuts him in her Station House, or Jail, or Penitentiary. Whichever it may be, however short his confinement there, he goes out under God's sky again, a tainted man,—henceforth a criminal. Law has driven him to that. Call you that God's work? Call you that using the higher elements of human nature? Is that the Highest Law possible in a land like this? I trow not.

“Well,” you ask, “what can be done?”

Gradually many things might be done; must be done; in some better days, will be done. Gradually we might get back to God's way of work, dropping revenge out of law,

doing something to save men from ruin, to strengthen them, restrain them. Finally it might be found that safety is a thing to be cared for more than revenge,—to be placed higher than revenge; and that law might have better pastime than the killing of men.

It is not the shedding of blood which appalls me. When it is necessary for the safety of any nation, worth saving, that it shall send its men out to smoky fields to die for it, that man is a poor, spiritless coward who dare not lay down his life, if it comes to that. If walls and bolts and bars will not ensure us safety from a murderer, it may be justifiable to hang him. But no country is justifiable in making such men. Their blood, and that of their victims, will be found on the skirts of law-makers when God examines them. And there is one Judge who can not be bribed; one Court where the plea of passionate revenge is no excuse; where John Graham defences are unheard.

After nineteen hundred years of ever-increasing failure, begun by crucifying the God-Man, and releasing the wrong one at the start, it does seem that we might hope for some success by taking up God's plan, and getting rid of Barabbas. For Barabbas has grown devilish these years, and by means of a wonderful trick of temptation, now robs us of men,—the property, bodies and souls of them. It does seem that we might do something, if we would only consider the divine work of salvation,—which modern political teachers regard as well put out of the way, on Calvary's blood-reddened rood,—a noble, holy thing to fall in with, and work in harmony with. Take away Barabbas, and let us get back Christ. Let us get back the spirit of Him, at least, and get it in our hearts and in our laws, and then we will see what may be done. Let us get Him back, and perhaps He will tell us what to do with these men who neither go themselves, nor suffer others to

go, into the Kingdom of Heaven. Let us shut up the pitfalls which open along our streets to destroy men, and I am sure we will find ourselves more in harmony with the eternal Lawmaker; and in harmony with Him does lie success.

Brutalizing, blood-thirsty, heaven-defying chivalry has gone down, unmourned, into its Lethe of sad death. Revenge has lost its charm of romance and its power. It is a hideous sea-shell, with the life gone out of it, cast by the stenchy waves of the old, dead past, upon living shores of this transitional To-day. Dwellers in the world's low tides may still use it: Reals and McFarlands may employ it; but your men in the jury-box very often hesitate to enforce laws so inhuman and so useless. Law dares not take a stride toward God and become at once preventive and enforceable. It clings to its sea-shell, breeds you McFarlands; and this is the result of it: law hurrying toward Pandemo-

nium, men robbed in their sleep and murdered in their beds and in your streets.

My brother men! are not reason, conscience, love of safety, higher and more certain elements of human nature than revenge? Consider, in your hearts, if law, in the true sense, be not something different from lawlessness invested with power; if God's work, dictated for us, be not worthy, in this age of the world's history, the attention of men and society and governments; if it be not worthy of the place, and the name, of the Highest Law.

Even if you can answer in the negative to all this, I shall still have hope for the world, looking forward to much wiser guidance than yours. For the coming days are full with overturnings and events. God's hand is on this ill, sin-desolated earth. He is the same God who dealt with the Cities of the Plain; who overcame His enemy on the Damascus road: who struck, from the cloud

and the flame of war, the fetters of our dark-skinned slaves away ; who thrills down through the Universe, with supreme mastery over all.

136 *Chapel Street,*
New Haven, Conn.

TREASURES BETTER THAN GOLD.



“Whenever there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual, or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law.”—JOHN STUART MILL.

CHAPTER I.

TREASURES BETTER THAN GOLD.

THE best wealth of any country is its manhood and its womanhood. Of these, nothing can adequately take the place. They have an enduring, an eternal value, depending upon no human market, no human conditions of supply and demand. They seem to defy all such conditions, rising in appreciation as they grow in quantity and plenitude of power. All other kinds of coin only *represent* value. These may be, in themselves, value. A gold dollar represents power. In my hands, it represents my power over my neighbour who wants it, and its value varies according to the intensity and greatness of his want.

I have Ten Dollars in genuine currency of "The Confederate States of America." No man wants it. No man permits it to have power over him. No person on this earth, blessed with heaven's precious gift of common sense, will give me his time, his labour, his property for it. It represents no power; or, in other words, it is worthless. It is a sign, or token, of a thing. The thing itself is dead. But I have another thing's sign and the thing signified exists. I can, therefore, say to this man, Go! and he goeth, to the extent of the power the sign represents. It may represent more power over this man than another, more power to-day than at some future time. It still remains true that it is a sign, and the thing signified is—power over men. The man, therefore, who has great power over men is called a wealthy man, and a government which has great power over men is called a wealthy government.

But there is a kind of wealth which is power ; which is, in fact, the greatest power a country can possess. It is manhood and womanhood.

A nation wants working power, thinking power, fighting power. It wants vast armies of power ; power to bring order out of disorder, beauty, harmony, things eatable and wearable and otherwise usable, out of chaos. Gold alone, can not do this. In the strict sense, it can in nowise do it. Manhood alone, the worthiest, best, is sufficient for these things. It alone is, to the country which has it in possession, the highest, truest wealth. And according to the degree of development of physical, mental, moral and religious life, or in other words, according to the degree of organized, incarnate, manly and womanly power,—inhering in its people, a country may lay claim to, will be its influence among the earth-families, the tenacity of its hold upon peace and life, and the dis-

tance between it and the gaping jaws of the abyss of down-swallowing, anarchic death. The present pages of the earth have proof of this. Its history, too, speaks confirmation.

The overturnings of the past, the tramping out of the lives of mighty nations, the establishment of new dynasties, empires, partial tyrannies, on the ruins of the dead, have been only the conquests of higher manhood in its inevitable successes. Swiftly, authoritatively, sometimes silently and mysteriously, it conquers. Perseus, begotten of Jove, hurls back ever, even in his play, the quoit of death at the decrepid, old. The god in him takes precedence of man, and higher power, though youthful,—even if it be embryotic,—is the mightier; mightier for labour, for conquest, for perpetuation of itself.

From that early epocha when darkness, at divine command, confined itself to night and the caverns, America, for aught I know, has been the great, green, fertile, mountain-rib-

bed and river-ribboned continent it is, in these days, to us. The great wealth of capability manifest to-day, lay deep within her, silent as the graves. Columbus slumbered yet, unbegotten, in the veins of his forefathers. The discovery lay far in the future, beyond time-oceans, in an age not yet touched by the feet of dreams. A strange people dwelt in America, their claim upon her undenied,—so far as they could foresee,—endless. They were the rightful owners of this habitable land. At last, after the passing of ages, is born the great soul of the Discoverer. The world has rolled round to him, and the sun of his day shines upon it. There, in the Eastern waters, before astonished eyes, as if dropped there by the Great Spirit, things of mystery, of mighty portent,—there are the ships. Out of them, upon America, there steps a higher man than has been afoot on her soil before ;—a man with a larger soul in him. There is significance in that, to those red lookers-on,

could they but understand it. Aye, there is doom in it; swift, relentless doom.

Amid wars, and rumours of wars, this pale-browed race advances, driving steadily their red inferiors, in one solemn death-march, toward the Western sky. Not from Spain only, but from France and the Netherlands, come others, with pale foreheads and diviner souls, to inhabit, not to rule, the land. From no nether-lands come the rulers. No nether-men are entitled to rule. Britain, by virtue of its higher manhood, owns the land, driving the red men on that death-march still, toward the Western sky;—owns it and rules it, till it, in its turn, lays claim to noble manhood, and, up-rising in its power, declares itself able and determined to rule itself; able and determined to drive, for itself, its inferiors on that march of theirs toward the sunset of their life.

My candid reader, this bit of history tells the same tale told by all other history. All

inferior manhood, all inferior life, willfully, stubbornly inferior, is on this grand death-march toward the sunset and the Western sky. The light there, which leads it on, is the glare of death. Dead days are there, dead inferiorities, dead infelicities. Go with them, if you are one of them. Stay not here to curse and be trampled. Into the ranks with you! Join the death-march! The Western sky awaits you, and there shall be unmoist eyes in many heads when you are once gone. Red revenge, with its reasonless raptures; brutality, stupidity; all but wealth, (weal,) worth, (valour, value;) all but these are marching toward the dead. These only are enduring. These are treasures better than gold.

It has been ascertained that three things are necessary to constitute a political state, or nation.

1. TERRITORY.
2. POPULATION.

3. LAW.

Perhaps it would be well to ask, in the first place, what kind of territory is required. The Great Desert, for instance, how would a nationality flourish there? The flat, cold region about the Northern extremity of the supposed axis; how long would it take a colony there to crystallize into a distinct government? It would crystallize into something else, I fancy. We shall find, as we reflect, that territory of a certain kind, or under certain conditions, is necessary to enable a nation to exist; and that, other things being equal, that nation which has best and most fertile territory, subject to the best and most temperate climate, will have the strongest hold upon life and success.

Leaving the whole subject of law to be discussed in another chapter, I propose to ask, in this, what kinds of population are required to constitute a successful nation, or state. May they be North American In-

dians? Truly, the only experiment with such people seems to have resulted only in a death-march, not in a civilized government. May they be Caffres? They also seem to be very slow in organizing into a nation. Civilization does not seem to be the most prominent capability within them; seems to be, in fact, a difficult, if not an impossible, thing to get into them. There is no wealth in them. They are counterfeits in the world's great market. Millions of them bring their country no nearer civilized prosperity; only bring it nearer to anarchy, lawlessness, and death.

We shall find that it makes a vast difference with the nation whether its people be men, or Yahoos; pale-browed Christians, or African Pagans; thinking, reasoning beings, or semblances of men, worse than the Androides. Compare Christian England with Mexico,—not even wholesomely un-christian. On the one hand, we have a small, irregular island; not remarkably fertile, or productive

of eatable things; unblessed with the soft, balmy air of tropic lands; with no overtowering natural advantages; with a people,—not the best conceivable, it is true,—but which will compare favourably with the population of any land, at the present time. On the other hand, we have a country, rich in vegetation, and in mineral wealth; fortunate in her climate, in all things nature can supply for the use of man; fortunate in all things but manhood and womanhood. Poorer than the traditional Job's Turkey, were its small stock of these its only wealth. Poor enough in fact. On the one hand, we have a wealthy, powerful, prosperous nation. On the other, a miserable, God-forsaking people, never permanently peaceful, never successful; always bankrupt, always lingering in the chronic disease of war, ready to die and be done away with as a nationality. For half the manhood of England, Mexico could well afford to give her all the exchangeable

riches she has ever had ; all the gold and silver which lie, unmined, within her ; all the precious stones which lie, untouched, along her lonely rivers and blood-stained roads. She will never get that manhood. England, with unsettled Alabama claims, has none to spare, I fear. To sell it for gold has been declared a crime before God and man. All men agree in saying that manhood is priceless ; that it is a treasure better than gold.

Manhood will think for England, labour for her, fight for her. Manhood and womanhood will write her poems and her prose ; give her rhythmic truth, and truthful prose ; tell her, in Mill's strong common sense, in Ruskin's splendour of word-painting, what is good for her, and in Carlylish sledge-hammer strokes of thought, what is not good for her. Manhood will work in the mine, at the flame-tongued forge, in humming factories, and fertile fields, for her life, prosperity and greatness. It will go out, red-coated, red-

taped, aye, red-flamed, to do deadly work for her, if necessary ; risking life and limb, for her sake, on smoky, blood-soaked fields. With this kind of wealth, England lives ; seems to live very comfortably in fact ; future failure dimly discernible only in the fact that she too, lacks somewhat in this priceless kind of treasure.

Poor Mexico ! bankrupt, dissolute, out-at-the-elbows, passion-guided, lawless, where are her poets, her makers, workers, and fighters. Alas ! she is altogether hopeless, dying of her poverty, struggling to get herself respectably buried,—and struggling in vain. And for that, which,—bearing the figure and form of man,—still lacks in inner value, valour, and is given unredeemably into possession of all gross and willful passion, there waits this destiny and this least of blessings : the privilege of learning, in its peacefullest moments, the bitter truth, that the best thing which can happen to it, is death and speedy

burial. In such manner it can soonest get out of this present death, which is its existence. It is a counterfeit on God's coin ; on its country's coin. It is worthless in this world, so far as it is unmanly, ungodly, counterfeit. Burial being impracticable, it dilutes the common-wealth, and must, until God, having given it all the opportunity He ever will, in this world, for redeeming itself, getting itself wrought anew into the uncounterfeit, calls it home, puts a new power upon it, unknown to it before.

A country, state, locality, wants calm, practised, earnest, honest work for itself; manifold production; distributive power, without stain from extortion; above all, the power of clear minds, right hearts, great thoughts. In these, deep-threaded, interwoven, lie the veins of its life; deep-working there, throbbing there, as in a great heart and its channels, is its very life-blood. Whatever of unmanliness, of uncalculating, unreasoning, undelib-

erate passion goes into its work, into its life, is disease, working death, poisoning it at the heart. The Alabamas of a nation, wrought first in the ideal,—not in any healthy thought-heat,—but in unhealthy, destructive passion-fire, burning in its midst; the Ku-Klux Klans of a nation, feeding with honest blood, stolen by murder, the fires of passion still; the red Aborigines of a country, with fury fed by fire-water and governmental agencies for lying and stealing; the lazy, unlawfully-populating “chivalries,” fire-eaters, fire-drinkers, such as have been, in one country, at least; the assassins, firing bullets at the heads of its honest Presidents; the Nathan murderers, Reals; the adulterers, gamblers, robbers, harlots, swindlers, drunkards, drunkard-makers; these are not, on the whole, an advantage to a nation. They are not wealth. They are all counterfeits, deadly to wealth.

These only are wealth. These are the economists. Men, like Poet Whittier, who

bring order out of disorder, and set forth in rhythmic, or in other form, the truth which men may live by,—which their country may live by,—may die for lack of,—or be threatened with death for refusing to obey; all the poets, authors, thinkers, preachers, who are able to tell men how they may truly live, how they may best resist the trespass of physical, moral, and other kinds of death; in fact, how they may work, expend and accumulate power; all those other “poets,” makers, who produce things to be eaten, worn, or in any other right manner used for the maintenance, the development, culture, or adornment of life; all who assist in the distribution, or preservation, of useful, helpful, beautiful things; all the reason-lighted, industrious men and women, who walk not according to the darkness, chaos, and base passion that are in them, but according to the light, order, and divine voices that are in them; these, with their various degrees

of power, their infinitely-varied work-impulses, constitute the vital wealth of their country. The Washingtons—fathers, the Lincolns—saviours, the Morses, the silently-working millions,—these are the men we can not live without; the men the world can not live without. In the absence of these there is no government; chaos reigns; things start backward toward the primeval nonentities again, travelling very swiftly thitherward, until some valour of soul shall meet them and show that there is really value once more, conquering its way heavenward.

The veins of wealth lie not only in the crystallized, hard rock, but deep in human hearts. In them, washed by the purple, beating currents, are gems upon which the Moth-demons, Rust-demons, Robber-demons of chaos have no power, but which in themselves do have power; which do form themselves, not into jewels for unmerited crowns, or circlets of beauty for empty Kingdoms,

but into forces which furnish life, bring forth order, sustain the honour and prosperity of their country, subdue the earth, scale the battlemented heights of difficulty, stand upon the star-hiding turrets where Fame's bright oriflamme waves the ambient air, and unlock even the invisible gates of heaven. Mined, not only in the rocky heart of a continent, but in the blood-warm heart of man, is the wealth we live by. In the deep soul of man, there, too, is El Dorado. Infinitely happier will this world be when it has learned to estimate, at its full worth, the noble treasures which lie in toiling, suffering, bravely-enduring flesh and blood; when it can reverence, above the dead symbols of things, thinking, feeling, self-directing,—and, in capability at least,—godlike man. Then there will be days worth living in.

The protective duty of government would seem, at first thought, to be already understood. A political power which can not pro-

tect its own, needs to die, and get itself out of the world; to get itself back, in fact, to its kinships, among the chaotic nonentities. It has no mission on this present earth. Such semblances of government have, thus far, been good enough, after a few generations of misdoing, to follow this plan. In a general, indistinct way, this seems to be almost universally understood.

In some degree true to this duty, this nation, in doing something of this work, has sown our Southern soil with terrible hail of metal, our cemeteries with graves, our homes with death, sacrificing much, to save more. Armies, red-taped, and disciplined; navies of mailed monsters of the deep, are maintained for service, in protecting, at least, the commercial wealth of nations. Blood beats in its defence; guns frown defiance on over-covetous enemies; national loyalty, national pride, patriotism, are their unsleeping safeguards. And this should be so. The prop-

erty, the person, of an American citizen, should be safe in any remote locality of the civilized world; made so by the power of this government.

But with all our boasted power, and influence; with all our ability and eagerness to produce the commercial forms of wealth; with all the various safeguards we have placed about them, to protect them; with the many institutions, contrivances, precautions, by which we hedge them in from danger; shall it be said, after all, that American manhood and womanhood are mostly unprotected? That they run a difficult road, along which law has permitted pitfalls, through which, every day, they may drop into Hell? Are we, "the sovereign people" who govern this great country, "the greatest and best the sun ever shone on,"—are we, after all, mostly fools? Sadly I confess there is plausibility in the affirmation that these things are so.

It is not altogether ominous that we have far-stretching Western lands, if we can not have good manhood to turn them to account. Such lands have been owned before, and the result was, a death-march toward the Western, peaceful ocean. To the people which once held possession of this land, their inferior manhood was sadly ominous, foreshadowing failure, despair, annihilation. The same God who ruled this Universe then, rules now. We shall not find Him changed much, I fancy. We shall find, verily, that in so far as our population approximates,—in its submission to the promptings of wild passion, and the voices which speak, in the absence of calm, cultivated reason,—to the Red-Dust which civilization has swept away, in just so far, if we take not up this Westward march of the doomed, we shall take a downward journey, toward the Pacific death-abodes. Do you, reader, doubt that? A Mexico, a Cuba, a Southern Confederacy,—if, from the

verge of these abodes, or from within them, their sad voices, or still sadder silences, can come back to you,—tell you, in thrilling, solemn utterances, or in more thrilling, painful stillnesses, not to doubt that ; to forget it, only if you dare forget, and at your peril. The sad, maimed braves, the graves on which the flowers of early summer fall, from which, too, comes painful silence,—these all tell you not to doubt that. If you can read history, even the history of the present, and have the patience to think a little, as you are a living man, or woman, you do not doubt it.

It takes more than a red skin to make a savage. Fiery passions, appetites ungovernable, desires that rage in a man, these, and not the colour of the skin, proclaim most audibly the savage nature. Truly, Sioux, Comanches, Blackfoots, are said to be copper-coloured. Assassins, Blacklegs, for instance, are not. In so far as our population consists of these, so far are we in poverty, danger,—subject to death.

I demand, therefore, that, so long as we profess to have a government; to establish laws; to protect our own; we shall, first of all, protect this noblest and best thing of ours—manhood; that we shall take measures to prevent it from becoming savagery, brutality, human chaos; that, when we are unable to do this, we shall make short work of dying, and get out of this world's way. I demand that we shall try to get in harmony with God, try even to save men, so that God, and the on-rolling of His worlds, shall help us. If we will not do this, I trust, and pray, that He may help us very speedily to die. Unless He has changed much, which I do not think possible, He will so help us.

Possibly it may be well to ask what we have done, hitherto, to protect our treasures of greatest worth. What instrumentalities have we employed to save our manly and womanly VIRTUE? That is, as the ancestry of words tells me, value, worth. What safe-

guards have we for that kind of wealth? Chiefly these. The Gallows, by means of which we take God's work out of His hands; declaring that we are wiser than He; climbing up our conceit, to His Judgment-Throne; considering the King of Kings unkinged. By means of this institution, we strangle men, and find, that instead of saving our manhood, we have, year after year, more men to strangle. Why should we not have? What success ever did come of attempting to dethrone God? By means of this beautiful, this refined amusement of ours, we take the man whom our laws have permitted to become a criminal, have permitted other men to craze, until the devil in him is let loose, and with a virtuous indignation, choke him out of the world. O, my country! poor, sinning mother, hiding, in death, the evidence of thy shame, I hope for better things from thee, some day!

The Prison also is our safeguard. Warning men not to become criminals? Nay, only

warning them not to be caught. It does secure society against injury from the most lawless, and so is indispensable, but it does not restrain men from becoming lawless; it does not save manhood from falling into ruin, gliding into crime.

Finally, we have schools, which our young and tender manhood may attend, or not, as it chooses, but in which, if it do attend, it may have its power of self-government, self-preservation, developed, cultivated. This institution does have saving power. It is the only one, ordained by law, which does have. So far as its influence can go, it is salutary and conservant.

But there are yet other institutions; schools too, of a kind; upheld too, by law; which are deathful and destructive. Schools, where Profanity, Lust, disordered Appetite, are the masters; where they mould manhood into all hateful, deformed, ugly ruin; where they rob man of his worth; the country of its wealth;

God of His souls, which would be, without such mastership, His, unchaotic. Government bribed, blinded by bad men, given over to a boy-like recklessness, permits this robbery ; applies to it the laws which regulate healthy commerce ; heeds not the murder-cries and robberies ; hurries on, in something faintly like a death-march, toward the anarchic, the lawless, the crashing and orderless Wreck-Kingdoms.

We shall see plainly how this comes to be. I say here, once for all, that I never could believe that the eternal truths, the noble virtues, the godly powers of conscience, reason, spirit-insight, could be planted in the soul of a man, by an Act of Legislature. Men are not barrels, to be filled as we dictate. They are not even clay, to be moulded according to the pottery-rules of a nation. Little by little, things have to grow into them,—through long years, with deepest silence, tenderest touch of an influence which never

trumpets itself, but almost hides its name,—gradually strengthening; in that awful stillness, growing, with tough fibres, deeper and deeper; until, at last, they are a part of the real estate of a man's soul. Governments, laws, are not gods, but atmospheres. They can not make men, but they can, and do, unmake them; they can, and do, unman them. This better thing they can do; they can take the man God has made, throw around him helpful influences, rid his way of temptations and enticements, encourage in him all the beginnings of virtue, discourage him at all wrong beginnings, make it harder for him to fall, easier for him to escape falling. And when any government will not try to do this, then, for it, the end of all hope is not very far distant; if it does not change itself, it will soon arrive. One of the great falsities is the idea that the present is not the all-important, the all-decisive time; that the Judgment-Day never dawns within the encir-

cling horizon of this world. Yet the past, and the future, do concentrate themselves in the ever-present Now ; whatever of light the past has held, convergent to it, divergent from it. Only in it can anything be done. Only now is any bravery, any nobleness, any wise or heroic action, any good or beneficent thing, possible. Whatever thing must wait for the on-rolling of full years, before it can be done, will never be done, or will be done to no purpose. Whatever evil thing, needing to be abolished, can bridge over this present judgment-day, pass this present hour of doom, get men to wait for public opinion to become more unfavourable toward it, will run its full race, over generations of its slain victims, with more or less of power, and influence, to the nether-worlds, and the ends of time. If we must wait, until it has grown great,—until it has become a gigantic, horrible Og of Bashan, before we may attack it, make this world free from it,—it will grow

too mighty for us ; our Gallows, Prison, Jail, will only vex it somewhat, keep it from sleep, increase its cunning. To-day is the work-day, the doom-day, the judgment-day. It is the nucleus of all the future. To-day we must strike at the conceptions, the beginnings, the germs of evil, which this day unfolds ; strike at them bravely, unweariedly, unyieldingly ; remembering that we are close under the blue walls of heaven, and there eyes do regard us, mysteriously, intently. For, in this day, evil, as well as good, has birth, and quick equipment for defence. In this day, we are called upon to smite it. We shall see how we fail to do that.

One need not live very long, in this world, without learning that a dealer, who has any commodity to sell, endeavours, so far as his power can go, to create a demand for that commodity. There is such a thing, in business, as establishing a trade. All kinds of business, good or bad, with suitable human

energy, foresight, persistence, do tend to establish themselves; accommodate outer things to themselves; crystallize,—one might say,—into solid financial successes. They make ways for themselves, orbits of their own, through the unknown, unwandered. But few new things come into this world because they are wanted here. They come into existence; if possible, win their way, make themselves wanted. Failing in this, they take themselves swiftly out of the way, driven out by the general hate of things. Now and then, a book, or a machine, apologizes for being made. It is claimed that it comes in answer to a demand. This is unusual, however, and the claim is generally an audacious fallacy. The yearning for them was largely in the heart of the maker. They go out into the world to stir up demand, to make people think they are needed, and have come, just in the nick of time. Before the era of Railroads, this earth did not cry out

for them. That demand lay, smothered, in the onward deeps of time. Horse-power was sufficient. The demand for the electric telegraph, only rose, full-voiced, from the soul of Morse. These are the modern Alexanders. They have conquered the world, and are its necessities.

So, every man, who launches out into business, proposes, to himself, to make that business a necessity, a demanded one. Omission to do this is not usually considered indicative of shrewdness, and common sense,—is ominous of failure, and one of the rarest things now extant. Trade has become conquest; has entered hotly into battle, and must triumph now, or die. Each inventor, each producer of new things, each vender, has become a kind of warrior, fighting, with much strategy, the unwilling, the incredulous; subduing it, making it acknowledge some dependence on him. It is his work to make men want, or, at least, believe that they want, something

he has power to give. If he is a gun-maker, he rejoices in war; if a tailor, changes of fashions are significant; if a bookseller, he will never discourage a taste for reading.

Bacchante, the liquor-vender, is no exception to this rule. It is not according to the present order of things that Bacchante should be. He, too, desires that people shall like his vendibles; employs whatever strategy he is master of, whatever artifice has promise, to make people like them; studies, in that brain of his, how he may do it; does do it. He, too, is a warrior, after his kind. He, too, depends upon conquest; knows that his business must make its way; become, to a sufficient number of men, a necessity; become a necessity to as many men as possible. Bacchante, of all men, is sure of success,—knows that he is sure of success; conquest of a human stomach, with such weapons as he has, is so much easier than conquest of a battle field, conquest of a weedy field, con-

quest of any evil. Argalia had an enchanted lance, which mastered whomsoever it touched. Bacchante also has a lance,—a liquid, enchanted lance,—the poison of death in it; the fatality of mastery lying deep within it, hidden. Along the streets, Bacchante lies in wait; displays the enchantment of his lance; through coloured and clear glass, displays it; prescribes it for all pains and aches and ills; declares that in it there is mystery of cure and comfort, power and pleasure miraculous and inconceivable. At all hours of the day, and deep into night, in all frequented places, he lies in wait; offering it as a protection from the cold; as a protection, also, from the heat; as a remedy for disappointment, an aid in every work of thought, or of the hands; offering it as a joy-giver, an inspirer, a promoter of hilarity. Men are passing his lurking-place every hour. Friends, newly-met, hilarious; men, weary, returning from work, or weak, half-rested, going to work; sad,

heavy-hearted, discouraged men ; men sick, in body and in soul, as all men are, at times ; restless, ambitious men, seeking the unattainable ; idle men, for whose hands the Adversary findeth things to do ; all these are passing, hour after hour, within reach of the enchanted lance. Think you that none of these will turn in unto it, and be mastered by its enchantment ? I tell you, these are lured, conquered by Bacchante. They may resist the enticement to-day. To-morrow, also, they may resist it ; but it does not take itself away. Some day they will be weaker than to-day, more desperate than to-day, more careless than at present. Then Bacchante can make a beginning ; and a beginning once made, his way is easier. He knows that his success in business,—which he considers the same as success in life,—depends upon his making such beginnings, and following the advantages they give him. If he can rouse, in a man, the promptings of appetite, a thirst

for his drugs, the bottom of that man's pocket will, some day, become very visible to him. Though, for the victim, his burning appetite leave only ashes and sorrow, for Bacchante it bringeth forth gold. He knows that the stronger, and more ungovernable, he can make that appetite, and the weaker the promptings of reason and wisdom become, the surer and mightier is his power over the deluded man, his victim. The constant dropping of the fevered man's money into the vender's till, keeps solemn music to the dropping away, out of that man's heart, of honour, manhood, and his heart's pure blood. It is Bacchante's business,—upon which he depends for the means of life,—to feed and inflame, by every influence he has power to wield, the passions, the beast-like instincts of men, that from such ruin as these may work, he may gather his treasures of gold. It is his law-sanctioned work, in most of these States, to utterly destroy all the manhood

and womanhood he can possibly get hold upon. So far as his business is concerned, a criminal is worth more to him than a poet, a gambler more than a life-full man. His business leads him, therefore, to endeavour to make as many criminals and gamblers as possible, to interfere with the making of as many honest, manly workers, and large-souled men, as possible. And he does interfere. He interferes into the lives of many young men in our land, now worthless, hopelessly lost, because of his interposition. Prisons bear testimony to his interference, Records of crime tell terrible tales of him ; proclaim, in fact, that his business does, with fatality, conquer its way, does, over ruined men, go on, with certain conquest.

Instances crowd themselves upon me in which the liquor dealer has deliberately purposed to put himself in possession of the property of certain of his wealthy neighbours ; has boasted of his ability to do it ;

has done it. Not isolated cases, these; but examples of what goes on in this land of ours, year after year; eloquent with reproachful testimony to the effect that multiplied temptations, held invitingly before men, day after day, through all the years, do have power, do lower men, through the abysses of passion, lust, appetite, deep into awful Hell.

Bacchante's business is an enemy to his country; a robber of his country; a destroyer of his country's wealth. Depending wholly upon the destruction of manhood, it would, if left to itself long enough, bring down his country to a level with poor Mexico. New York, swiftly hastening down thitherward, shall witness for me that this is true. Draft-riots are significant. Murders, revealing themselves at every sunrise, still more significant. The canonization of gamblers in railroads, the opening wide of the doors of respectable homes to well-dressed, gold-own-

ing, wine-drinking libertinage, not wholly without significance. The nomination, for President of these United States, of a notorious patron of Bacchante, lover of strange women, gambler,—in the columns of a widely-circulated New York daily paper,—*by women*,—soul-sickening, beyond significance.

In this colossal ruin, colossal, awful poverty, of which these things speak loudly, Bacchante has had much to do. His business leads him to work out such ruin, to rejoice in such poverty. Men, robbed of their liberty; sold into bondage to Appetite; in thralldom to Lust; these are his fruits. He lives by them, proposes to live by them. Mark me! Moderate drinking does not satisfy him wholly. Think you that a quarter of a dollar will satisfy him, when he might have ten times that amount? Trust me, Bacchante is not that fool. Or, think you that there is some little conscience left in him yet? Truly, there is some. There may

be things he would not do. But for all that, "Business is business!" says Bacchante. And he knows. Your moderate drinker is not, yet, very profitable to him. Your drunkard, man's semblance, gutter-man, is profitable to him. He knows that difference; knows which men he lives by. He is not altogether fool.

I demand that he shall not live by them. I demand that he shall not be allowed to rob this country of its wealth. Each weak man is my brother; God put a soul in him. No man has a right to take that soul away, enthroning there, instead, the triumphant Dionysius of base passion. Bacchante does take it away, does live by taking it away. I demand, therefore, that Bacchante shall be abolished. In the name of God, whose noblest work is thus trod into shame; in the name of my country, whose wealth is thus destroyed; in the name of my deluded, captive, brother man, I say, Away with him!

Wipe out this business from the face of God's Earth, and let men live!

This man knows what he is doing; he knows his business well. For the money of poor Lazarus,—the manhood, the soul of him,—the dogs may lick his sores. He is legally wrought, if dreadful, ruin. Ruin not wholly covered up by saying “ashes to ashes,” above the poor wreck, at the last, but which leaves an eternal stain of disgrace upon my country, and her law-makers. This Bacchante of ours can follow the letter of her present laws, and, at the same time, rob her, stab her to the heart, and she dare not say to him, “Thou shalt not.”

We can not go on always in this way, despising manhood, suffering hell to swallow it up. Emerging from the domination of the strict laws, and stricter customs, of our forefathers; emerging, also, on whirring wheels of new inventions, from thralldom to incessant hand-labour; becoming more and more

free ; man becomes more and more capable of ruin. Our only safety lies, not in any less degree of liberty, but in removal of the causes, temptations, which turn that liberty into a curse, man into bondage from within. In the city in which I write,—no worse than many cities,—about forty men are employed to put bad people in prison ; about an equal number,—Protestant, Roman, and Jewish, to induce people to be other than bad ; about Four Hundred to get money, by inducing them to be as bad as the absence of a living soul, and the presence of all sickening, fiery, cruel passion, can make them. Safety does not lie in that ; lies in very other than that. Get rid of the four hundred ! Abolish them swiftly ! In that is safety. Crime will live to the day of such abolishment ; growing more dreadful, year after year, till it shall come. I write down these words for ever : it will live and grow till then. No rough treatment, after it has become crime, will

change it ; no choking, or prisoning, will blot it out. It will live and grow till such abolishment shall come.

Let our country hasten the event ; let her, if she shall protect nothing else, protect her manhood, and her womanhood. Gehenna shall not then be in her midst. Acheron shall not then divide her ; but her way shall be as that of Al-Borak was, upward. Her wealth shall then be prized in all the cities of the earth ; prized above the jewels of its royalty, being royalty itself. And when, adown deep time-abysses, all other Kingdoms, Kinghoods, as they must, shall fade away, her treasures, even then, shall be prized, and her name praised, in a City whose Maker and Builder is King of kings.

THE PROVINCE OF LAW.

“For all things which regard the well-being and justice of a state are pre-ordained and established in the nature of the individual. Of these, it behooves that the merely human, (the temporal and fluxional) should be subordinated to the divine in man, and the divine in like manner to the Supreme Mind, so however that the state is not to regulate its actions by reference to any particular form or fragments of virtue, but must fix its eye on that virtue which is the abiding spirit, and (as it were) *substratum* in all the virtues, as on a law that is in itself legislative.”

PLATO.

“It were absurd to suppose that individuals should be under a law of moral obligation, and yet that a million of the same individuals acting collectively, or through representatives, should be exempt from all law.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROVINCE OF LAW.

GLIMMERING down through history, from the beginning of human society,—the early counseling of man with man, as to the means and methods of government,—is an idea of law which recognizes and respects only the enforced will of the strongest. Tyrannous and unjust it might be, in all its workings; deathful to the liberty of man; yet it was law. The power of muscular energy, the force of the club, was in it, and the world, in pagan childhood, knew no other law. Laws from the Almighty Lawgiver, on pages of stone, breathed, to rebellious Israel, the accent of power beyond that of man. The

parting of the Red-Sea waves ; the drowning death which rushed upon Egyptian hosts ; the clouded, yet light-flashing, thunders of Mount Sinai, when the voice of the trumpet was loud ; these were significant of Something, all-powerful. When passing ages dimmed both memory and history of these,—as they do dim all things,—some new miracle of power assured perverse and straying hearts, that one Kingship was never abdicated, never with any safety, forgotten, or despised. The Bush, where the awful Presence flamed ; the preceding Pillar, of alternate Flame and Cloud ; the bitter Marah-waters, for man's sake, tree-sweetened ; the fall of Manna-frost ; the smiting of the Horeb-rock ; these published evidence of the power of God, and the people which were led thus to believe in Him, could only be governed, therefore, by Theocracy. Law and power were one ; one in a better sense then, than now. God's power was some-

times thought of then, even in government. Politicians had not yet arisen.

They were destined to arise. Man's power was to rule instead of God's. Force was to make the weak the servants of the strong. Out of the folds of onward time, giant tyranny, aristocracies of power, chivalries, God-forgetting, man-dishonouring laws, and semblances of law, were to fall, curse-wise, upon this earth. They *have* fallen. Politicians did arise; did rule by virtue of their own power; did teach that they, instead of God, were to be followed; did, by means of physical force, by vigorous use of sword and spear, compel men to obey them; did place reliance in might, instead of right; did convince this world, for a time, that law was the will of any man able to enforce it.

This idea of law came down, untouched, through Dark Ages, days of chivalry, to have its influence upon the civilization of far better and brighter centuries. Nevertheless,

truer and worthier forms of religious and political thought than could have been known, or even dreamed of, in the days of its origin, were preparing silently the way for its successor. Truth and her defenders, weak in all physical and material things, trembling and fearful, terribly scourged by the oppressive power of the giant then named Law, had ever a strange fore-pointing to a time, when the royalty of Truth herself should be acknowledged, and a place given her, at the right hand of Law, with Justice, stern-eyed and mighty, sitting upon the left, and the world, in its Palingenesis, before them. That time must come. The disorders of to-day, the revolutions whose fires have hardly yet gone out, with others, it may be, to come, are but to advance it. This, at least, do they teach us, as, aided by the wisest voices that are in us, we reflect upon them. The unmourned death of Chivalry, the unwept burial of her infamous, beastly, and bloody

codes, the gradual, but sure, extinction of human slavery, and the continual waning of all oppressive power, point forward to a time when spurious forms of law, upheld by nothing but material force, shall find the advancing world against them, and shall see their claims to the sacred right of government despised and thrust away. Even now, the remnants of the aristocracy of power sit uneasily upon their thrones, dreading the hurricane sure to come, which shall sweep away the broken ruins of their former precedence and glory. Physical power, enabling the self-constituted lord to seize upon the treasures of his inferiors, and to compel them to pay tribute to himself, for such privileges as it was for his interest to grant, and such duties as it pleased him to impose, soon passed into, or rather, united to itself, the power of wealth, and by this comfortable alliance, sought to perpetuate itself, and control forever the reins of human government.

But even this double and degenerate aristocracy, suits not with the spirit of the present years. Revolution is its death. Wherever it exists, there is a smouldering volcano underneath, waiting patiently its time. Inevitable necessity seems to be against it, and its subjects fret and murmur, secretly and threateningly, under the unjust laws it makes. The world is breaking away from its allegiance to the law of the strongest, and slowly,—perhaps, in the widest sense, unconsciously,—is seeking for Justice and Truth to rule over us.

In the transition-days, not yet gone by, it need not surprise us that, having struggled, in peace and war, to break away from this wrong idea of government, and to get back, once more, to God's methods,—the multitudes, which rule us, have an indistinct, or inadequate, notion of the nature, province, and authority of law. It is indeed understood that law is the offspring of some

proclive governing power in the people themselves. Democracy adheres to that; insists that. It is the chief article in its creed, the one thing Democracy will die, if necessary, in defence of. Exactly what constitutes this governing power, Democracy is not so certain about; is very uncertain about; has hardly stopped to think about. It will be wise for Democracy, however, to think about that; to give its whole thought, for some time to come, to just that; to decide that, before it has tried many experiments with itself. Democracy has had a very dim idea that the highest law conceivable is the expression of the will of the majority. This, verily, is law. But it may be unjust law; it may be a new definition of the law of force. Suppose that upon Robinson Crusoe's island or some other island equally desolate, three men, instead of one, are cast away. They do naturally form, for themselves, a kind of government. The will of the major-

ity may be enforced. Two men may govern the three men. But suppose the two who shall happen to agree, declare that the one man shall work for the three, support them in idleness, be their servant; and this man, being of Adam's seed, and Democratic, shall very plainly object; and the passions of the other two becoming aroused, they decide that he shall be executed, hung there, on that island, between heaven and earth. Democracy, true to her ordinary definitions, must call this, vindication of high law. True to something in me, higher than Democracy, I must call it a very culpable murder. Democracy herself, true to her *name*, would so call it. It is not vindication of law. It is triumph of base passion, over law; lawlessness. Something beyond mere will must be taken into our account. A mule is said to have, at times, very much of that; and to be, not very governable. Bipedal mules are not a great improvement upon the other varieties; are,

also, not very governable, not very orderly. Something further must grow into our mule, to make him a man; to make him a safe man to govern us, even to counsel us.

Democracy helps us much, however. Democracy well understood, would help us more. It is much that we do understand, and agree, that the governing power, the supremest LEX, is in the people. We may, by searching thoughtfully among the faculties, capabilities, mysteries, of human nature, find out, to our satisfaction, what this governing power, in reality, is; may find, beyond this, that this power, does, with certainty, discover to us its whole province, bearing, authority, and significance.

It is required, then, to find, in the human constitution, the forces which so act upon human conduct, as to determine its whole quality and influence.

In order to do this, I am obliged to confine my investigations to one individual at a time,

searching his nature as thoroughly as I may, for that inward majesty and power, to the dictates and decisions of which, he should always be obedient. I am required to find, in fact, his internal Judge and King, the invisible Messenger of God to the human soul, to which, as to God himself, he must be obedient and true.

I ask then, to what, within myself, should I be subject? From instincts, controlled by no stronger and purer forces than themselves, instincts which do assert themselves within me, though, in a measure, rightly guided and restrained, I humbly hope; from impulses, unreasoned, unhallowed, like those to which I know the brute is no stranger, and the man nearest the brute, no enemy; from appetites necessary, and innocent, in their natural condition, yet perverted and abused, by man, so far as the ingenuity, and the power of man, can abuse and pervert; as well as from those wholly acquired, unnatural, foreign and re-

pulsive, to every fibre of the constitution I inherited from God; from passions, fierce, malignant, and revengeful, which tear away, out of my soul, the Image which I believe I am most proud to bear; from selfish and sensual longings, covetous and proud desires; from false, adulterous, and avaricious promptings; from vanity and the ardent lust for authority and power; from each and all of these, and from the love of them, O, Holy, Blessed God, deliver me! Let me neither bow down to them, nor serve them. Let them not, in any way, have dominion over me. May I be cursed of all men, as I shall deserve, if I shall ever dare to plead for any of these to rule, or to express themselves in human law. What can I pray, but that Conscience and Reason may govern both, them and me? That Conscience and Reason may urge my will to action, and none of these whatever?

For what purpose,—when I came into this

troubled and tempting world,—was a faculty placed within me, teaching right from wrong, justice from injustice,—urging me, of itself, always to do the right, and never to do the wrong ; for what purpose was given unto me this separate faculty, apparently as deathless, and eternal, as any of those powers which lead me to claim the right to be, but that this power, by its permitted influence on the will, might govern me ?

For what purpose was given me the power of forming firm and positive convictions ; of arriving at a knowledge of truths above sense ; of learning of the existence of things, which eye can not see, nor ear hear, nor outward sense in any way discern ; if not that this spirit of truth might guide me, and govern me ?

These two distinct and wonderful powers of my nature, are given me for the right governing of my conduct, and the right building of my life. They do continually restrain my

impulses, appetites, and passions, acting upon, and through, the will, for this very purpose. If there be any governing power within me, then my will, voluntarily subject to these, must be that power. And as I, in this way, am capable of governing the unruly and rebellious forces of my own nature, I am, to the same extent, capable of taking part in the government of those, who, refusing to submit to either the convictions of Reason, or the decisions and dictates of Conscience, thereby subject themselves to the operation of the rightly-guided, collective will of the society in which they may be found.*

Just and true law, therefore, may be defined as the authoritative expression, and enforcement, of human will, subject to, and

* I sincerely beg the reader's pardon for talking so freely of myself. It seemed necessary for me to refer to one, whose weaknesses, and capabilities, I am supposed to be most thoroughly acquainted with, and whose just and thorough government, I confess to be one of the chief troubles, as well as studies, of my life.

guided by, both Conscience and Reason. It is, in effect, the still, eternal voice of the divine in man, asserting, and enforcing itself, over the instincts and passions of human nature; and, in this sentence, we have an intimation of the true Province of Law, of its office, and full purpose. There are parts of our nature, which, in the present condition of humanity, must be, by some power, restrained and controlled; and this restraint and control may be set up, and forcibly maintained, in the sacred name of Liberty. If the individual himself, neglects, or refuses, to exercise this power, allowing the strong anchor of natural law to rust and weaken, in the slimy slavery of sin, so that it holds him not to Justice and to God,—then human law, for his sake, and the protection of society, must interpose its strong and mighty arm, between him and his unbridled lusts, and take the place, in such manner as may be possible, of that natural and better government, which he

no longer can be trusted to obey. When he neglects to be, longer, a “a law unto himself,” for him law must be made; for, if any higher power than his own bad impulses, is ever to prevail upon him, or govern him, that power must be supplied from without, in such manner, and with such weight of authority, that he can not well resist it. Possibly,—if this external force can seize upon, and imprison, the lawless passions which enslave and bind his will, and make him thus a servant of the Adversary,—the outraged princes of his soul may then return, to govern him once more. In this manner, law may be, as it indeed should be, a faithful servant of reform, instead of an instrument of revenge, used at the caprice of him who may have the power to wield it. It may also be, to a certain extent, precautionary,—preventing the making of criminals, as well as restraining the confirmed and dangerous ones; and yet, holding even before these, the possibility

of reformation, to the last, doing all that any power outside their own chaotic hearts can do, to bring about this much-desired result ; taking away temptations to the evils, preventing, as far as may be prevented, the further exercise of the unnatural lusts, and the further abuse of the instincts, which, misguided and ungoverned, have led them so astray ; adding always instigations toward good, and encouraging continually, every inclination to return to that right, and self-governed condition, so far fallen away from.

When law is not the offspring of these two permanent forces of human nature, it becomes, in reality, only the law of the strongest. Artfully disguised, in harmless and innocent sheep's clothing, it may be, yet the wolf still, ravenous and fierce, taking strange liberties, in the confidence given it by superior power. For, if it be not guided by reason, or moral sense, it is the servant of selfish and sensitive desires, seeking gratifi-

cation at the expense of others, who will, in no wise, consent to be robbed of their possessions, or their liberties, for the gratification of their enemies or neighbours, and will be, only when the power brought to bear upon them, for this purpose, can not be successfully resisted. So far as our law is not the kind of law I have endeavoured to define, so far it is the law of superior human power, and nothing else. The law that Satan may devise, and find knaves and fools enough to pass, and execute.

So far as it *is* the kind of law I have defined, so far it is true law, just law, worthy of its name; so far it is its province to restrain the selfishness, the avarice, the unmeditated impulses, and unreasoning passions, of men and women; to direct their ungoverned faculties to useful and un sinful service, and to make it possible for them, once more, to govern themselves.

Our laws against stealing I suppose to be

for the purpose of restraining,—or preventing the overgrowth and over-balance of,—the desire of possession, in order that the property of individuals may be safe, and the more precious property of the State, uncorrupted and safe, also. Our statutes against murder should restrain the revengeful, malicious, and deadly passions of men; take the place, so far as any outward power may, of the inward powers God gave them, for their government. Our enactments against slander, bigamy, robbery, should aim to restrain the angry, selfish, and covetous instincts of individuals, and make them subject to the governing power of the individuals themselves; or of the State, if their power fails.

The governing power of the State may be made to influence the conduct of its members in two ways.

1. By sure and thorough abolishment of the conditions, temptations, and incitements which give beginning, or encouragement, to

overpowering motives in the mind of the individual.

2. By direct prohibitions, or restrictions, enforced, not only by implied appeal to all considerations of honour, obedience, personal or public safety, but by certainty of the forfeiture,—in cases of willful disobedience,—of so much outward liberty as may be necessary, in order to ensure the safety of society.

1. That the power of law may be exerted, in the manner, and for the purpose, I have here first indicated, is a truth which had not dawned upon early law. The law of the kick and the blow, the law of force, was always untimely. Its authors were never concerned about the roots of things. They were never so thinking as that. To take away the hindrances to self-government, to make man grandly capable of governing himself, this was beyond the Omega of their thought. Giant heathenism; the most tyrannical of all tyrannies; the ungodliest of all

statutes, all customs; these are all characterized by ominous omission to do anything with the causes of lawlessness, the agencies which lure men; and by severity of vindictive penalties, when,—the wrong disposition having been already established,—it is too late for them to avail. You can measure any government, any society, any man, by this standard, the world over.

The world is always too ready to condemn; too slow to teach, and guide, and throw around its weak ones, the helpful and protecting arms. We are readier with our Anathemas, than with our Christianity. We find it easy enough to curse the fallen, but we never take away the stumbling blocks, nor close up the roads to the precipices. Even the very men who have wrought the sad ruin of poor Fatima, are always most eager to sew up the sack, drop her into the Bosphorus. The man who is, in his heart, least sinless, is ready to cast the first stone,

and the heaviest. The incendiary drops the torch, joins in the cry of "Fire!" Many people get their reputation for virtue, high honour, in this way. When a man can get it in no other way, this is his inevitable strategy. Only high, thinking, genuine Christian society, goes back to the beginnings of things; demands that bad hearts, and the fogs which hover between virtue and vice, hiding their outlines, and making bad hearts, shall not be. Only Christian, progressive influences seek to affect the "seed of act." All others tolerate evil, until it has attained its full growth, become somewhat unendurable. Ordinarily the dunghill may be welcome, if it does not announce itself. If the liquor-drinker is not dead drunk in society's parlor, society sees nothing but manhood and respectability in him; and the drunkard-maker,—he is not wholly disreputable to men. Christianity, the saving power, religion of beginnings, is not very well

appreciated by some ; is least appreciated, it seems, by law-makers, and the unthinking, unreflective masses. This world has much to learn, and much to do, before,—so far as human agency goes,—it will ever be a very glorious world.

Law will have to be more *prevenient* ; going before men ; taking out of the way the things they fall by, die by. This is the inexorable demand of the present, slowly accomplishing itself. It will rely, in the future, not much upon arbitrary command, swiftly wreaking its revenge upon all disobedience ; but upon its own *prevenient* power, its own inherent efficiency to save. It will more and more approximate to the one purpose of prevention, rather than retribution ; of preservation, rather than the satisfaction of revenge.

Every human agency, to be effective, must be timely ; must strike at the wrong to be overpowered, when it is capable of being

conquered; must plant its germs of good when circumstances shall favour, rather than hinder, their growth; and I know of no case in which law can justly attempt the removal of any glaring evil, or flagrant wrong, in which it might not have interfered, more wisely and effectively, with the beginning of that evil, the incitements to that wrong. If it has any right to attempt the removal of crime, it has also a much better right to demolish the diabolical machinery which manufactures crime; the saloons, hells, sin-academies, where men are drilled, taught in crime, just as effectively as our West Point cadets are disciplined in military science. And, until our laws are framed so as to accomplish this demolition, they only represent Hercules, without his brand, cutting away at the ever-multiplying heads of the Hydra, with the prospect of such work, stretching on before him to the end of time. We have yet to learn this lesson; have yet to put into the

hands of Hercules, his brand ; or, in default of this, to run our full length, over ruin which proclaims our lack of knowledge and of heroism, to the silent regions of the dead, from whence the three-headed Dog prohibits all return.

If we would act upon men for the right governing of their conduct, if we would remove the wrong conditions of society, we must begin by removing, first of all, the causes of these wrong conditions. We must remove the Dipsas from our midst, abolish him utterly,—be rid of him, and his influence. We must help man to govern himself ; to qualify himself to govern others.

We have found the highest law to be the power of reason and of moral sense, asserting itself, accomplishing itself, over the passions, which, in their excess, prevent self-government and obedience to law. It must act to prevent such excess ; act, with certainty, against all influences which encourage

such excess; gar quick riddance of whatever deluding Lamia may seek to interfere with man's allegiance to them, whatever phantasm may take possession of his soul to oppose them. If law has any mission, or any purpose, this, beyond all reasonable debate, is its true province.

What shall I say, then, of law which professes to govern man, and at the same time sanctions that which tends to make man ungovernable; which professes to restrain the evil passions of men, and yet, permits, *licenses*, a business which can exist only by firing those passions beyond restraint; of law which is not the power of the moral, or reasoning faculty, but which arrays itself against these? I can say but this: that it is not true law; that it is, rather, un-law; that it is the power which rolls on this country, in a guilt-darkened, blood-marked way toward its ruin,—heaving up into plainer sight, at every rising of God's sun, the lawless and

anarchic Ruin-Empire, whither, if it do not change itself, we shall land, and in which, in default of speedy change, to make an end of ourselves, will be our privilege,—our fate.

I do not believe we shall land there. I believe we shall surely change our laws. If we do not change them, I do not simply believe, I know what awaits us.

Overpowering motives, opposed to law, must and do arise continually from that condition of society which holds ever before men an appeal to the appetites of them, and a promise of pleasure. It is entirely within the province of law to interfere with that condition, to swiftly abolish it. Until it can do that, it is a semblance of law, bearing and disgracing its name, omitting to do its work. And the sooner such semblance, and all other semblances, and illusions, are erased from the statute books, and from God's whole Earth, the better it will be for that Earth. It needs such erasement sadly, just now.

Deep down below the surfaces of things are their life-roots ; starting there, growing there, getting strong hold there. Down there every evil which has leafage, branchage, or fruitage, in this world, has wide-spreading under-growth, sustaining it. Law must probe things ; lay them bare ; strike the death of sure abolishment swiftly home to their evil undergrowths ; leave preferable vacancy, and, in its good time, more preferable roots of honour, life, righteousness, to fill their places.

2. Even prevenient law must be also prohibitive, saying to all wrong things, struggling for beginning, "Thou shalt not begin !" Saying, with all the emphasis possible to it, to all wrong things, already struggled up into beginning, "By the power that is in me, thou shalt surely die !" Saying this especially, to all evil powers which lead naturally to inevitable, well-known, greater evils,—and which are, in themselves, germs of more deathful

wrong, or roots of more soul-destroying, dangerous influences. Law may not only provide that men shall not be tempted, but, in such provision, it must command others not to tempt them. It may not only say, "Woe unto him by whom the offence cometh!" It may say, also, for the safety of men, "Woe be unto the offender!"

These are the methods in which high and honourable law may act, for the safety, and the government, of men; may act harmoniously, wisely, justly, and effectively; may act, not with any danger to the highest degree of liberty, but act to secure it. So acting, it may liberate the captive, the sin-enchanted; may even bind the Satanic captor, rid this earth of the illusive charms which enable Mephistopheles to bind, in death-fetters, the souls of men, send them forth, conscienceless and reasonless, chained to destroying appetite, and the passions and malignities which know no law.

Avarice sometimes drives a dreadful business. It does not always bow to the spirit-power above it. Conscience, holding her high-given sceptre above, is too often unheard, unheeded ; her heavenly voices drowned in the turmoil of trade ; her pleadings, subduements, resisted by the selfish passions working on below it. Reason, too, the infallible prophet of God in the soul of man, sometimes shares the fate of God's other prophets, and, in her own soul-country, is without due honour. Men fix upon earth as a finality ; only dream of heaven as an uncertain shadow of the sunset of life, not as a continuing country ; and, in this earth, gather the dust of it, grope in the mire of it, follow its phantasms, as if there were no God, unheeding His holy prophet. Law must place herself, not on the side of Avarice, not on the side of any down-tending appetite, but on the side of the unheard, prophetic, denied, princes. Against the avarice

rice of the liquor-dealer, should it array itself, taking the part of his conscience, fighting for his reason, preventing him from robbing other men of the power of self-government.* Were not his business established, and men accustomed to it, hardened to it, silenced by its conquest, or bound in a fatal embrace with it, I should not need to urge this. A similar business, not yet established, having yet to conquer its way, would hardly, in a civilized country, in this age of the world, get itself established.

For example, take this: A man undertakes to sell, in different parts of the country,

*I do not insist that every liquor-drinker is inevitably a criminal, or likely to become one. He is only sure to lose more or less of the power of self-government,—to lose power over his passions. The influence of a single glass of wine, in stimulating the appetites of the senses, is well known. People who boast of their power over themselves, must remember that power of the will, does not enable the human stomach to resist the action of drugs. The man who takes sufficient doses of Ipecacuanha, will be nauseated, in spite of his will. He who takes Prussic Acid will be poisoned. In like manner, sufficient doses of Alcohol take away self-restraint, making passion, feeling, supreme over will.

infected clothing, lined, one might say, with Cholera or Yellow Fever. Government does not license him. Law swiftly pounces upon his business; works quick subduement of his power: speedily abolishes his trade; does not content itself with punishing his victims. But when thousands of dealers, more avaricious, and more successful, distribute Red Fever through all the land, law maintains ominous silence, and Satan's work goes on.*

This fever, too, works death; slowly and surely does work it; not speedy, innocent death, which brave men face, and good men dare to meet; but clouded, guilty, awful death; death sometimes, of innocent men, to whom in the darkness, it brings violence and murder; death sometimes of crazed men, who were, by assistance of this maddening fever, their own mad murderers; death oftener of guilty men, whose souls it has

* "Stimulation (alcoholic) is *fever*, and nothing else."

R. T. TRALL, M.D.

burned away, whose manhood it has ruined ; death oftenest of all, which is death-in-life, the sickening existence of dethroned Nebuchadnezzars, created in God's image, given a soul, which, in its ruin, leaves the fallen king of an Earth-empire, less than king, less than man. Every man, uncontaminated, may be such a king ; or in slavery to himself, may be unmanned. When law, like an ancient people, breaking away from bondage to the selfish and passionate Pharaohs of bad men's hearts, follows God, as veiled in Conscience and in Reason, he goes before ; becomes in reality, His servant ; then this earth shall be a land of promise, a land of souls.

English law, getting an impulse in the right direction, went down into the cramped, offensive mines of England, where men, hopeless and helpless,—naked children, prematurely grown old,—women, bony and fleshless, transformed into miserable beasts of burden,—wasted their lives, for the gratifica-

tion of English avarice. Men said it could never succeed,—should not succeed. Against opposition and protest, it sent its power down deep into earth, and lifted the yokes from the necks of the “White Slaves of England,” for ever.

It went into factories, busy as death, and humming with Babel-tongued machines; opposed there, too, the avarice of men; declared that into fabrics for the living, should not be woven the boyish and girlish life-threads of the dying and dead.

America has work for it to do. Work which must be done. The history of this world does audibly tell us, reader, that nations have died, and that others must die. It does tell us, with audible emphasis, that the ignoblest, ungodliest people,—that which cultivates passion, and loses reverence for God and man, is, almost invariably, first to seek, in the Death-Realms,—departed Greece and Rome, gone down with their Persephone

for ever. And if this America, despising the eternal laws, and justices, and truths, still keeps her way thitherward, you and I will have cause to thank God, if we are out of it before it gets there. Paradise will be better for us, my friend, much better.

THINGS TO BE ADDED.



“ But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

A FORGOTTEN BOOK.

CHAPTER III.

THINGS TO BE ADDED.

THROUGH the Epicureanisms, Midas-longings, illusions of the present time, the truths, facts, realities of life, show themselves none too clearly. We cloud them in things which are not realities. Our own prejudices, habits of life and thought, do envelope them, tinge them to their own colour; even at the expense of violence, accommodate them to themselves. There is one philosophy which proves things; but the philosophy most in use, bends things to our own stubborn notions. The man who is getting money by a business which I condemn, allows the fact that he *is* getting money, to outweigh all the

logic heaven or earth may furnish. The Dollar is his King; if he imagines that I am unloyal to *that*, he refuses to hear me. He will follow that King if he lives by it,—if he dies by it. He thinks it will be good for him to do so. That is one of the illusions. He bends heaven and earth to that.

I am not wholly unloyal to this King. I believe in him. So far as men may live by him, get larger or better life by means of him, so far I will defend him. When men begin to die by him,—when the live, blood-warming hearts of men begin to dwindle out of them because of him,—I shall cease to defend him. I do not believe in the death of men. It does not appear to me as a good thing. Getting out of this world, getting over the River, is not wholly mournful. Real death,—nobleness getting itself out of all worlds; getting itself swiftly nowhere; this is altogether lamentable. This is not good for men. So far as the power of this

King leads to death, it is not good for men to follow him ; so far his power is worse than wasted. It is worth much to know this. It will help us to see things clearer.

Every owner of property is annually taxed for the support of governing institutions. He pays his money promptly ; generally pays it willingly. He knows that men may live by that,—that he, himself, lives more securely by it. He pays his butcher, grocer, workman, certain amounts yearly, quarterly, or monthly. That also helps him to live. Rhythmic words, or words only magical through truth, instead of rhyme ; great thoughts, or good thoughts, bound in convenient books,—more or less holy oracles, to be consulted when men have need of counsel ; educational institutions, for the benefit of coming men and women ; preached words ; artful or finely fashioned adornings, speaking a language to the inmost man ; things which minister to the real comfort of the soul, or of

the outer man; these, also, are things by which men may live nobler life. Money given for these, is not wasted,—is wisely given. So long as any king gives these to men, he is a good thing on this earth.

Our National Debt has been considered a mountainous obstacle in the way of our prosperity. It is a thing which has troubled us exceedingly. Men murmured frowningly at the making of it; were almost ready to run desperate risks,—to open all the doors to lawlessness, anarchy, ruin,—rather than make it. Yet it is the price of life,—of national life, including the safety, and opportunity for the advancement of all life. With it we overthrew one of the forces of death.

We are not at peace yet. Another Confederacy is threatening to destroy us, and will destroy us, if we do not swiftly make an end of it. A Sin-Confederacy swallows up millions of dollars, every time we journey round the sun; and the treasures which it uses are

not the price of life, but instruments of death. The wages of sin are as certain now as they were when Paul preached. They are still death, instead of life. Six Hundred Millions of Dollars working death,—this is the National Debt, National Curse, we have most cause to dread.* A confederacy which destroys men, body and soul; which leads men into rebellion against all good government; this is the confederacy to be got rid of now.

Into this wasted Six Hundred Millions goes some portion of the gainage of every one of us. Every article we buy is burdened with the influence of a curse. It makes every yard of cloth, or pound of food, which in this land is bought and sold, as heavy

* The figures given in this book are all somewhat less than the actual truth, except in cases where the opportunities for obtaining them are so perfect that the actual figures are beyond all question. Commissioner Wells is of the opinion that the *retail* liquor trade reaches \$800,000,000 annually. The figures above given, are, he says, within the truth.

with poverty which we must all support, and overwork which we must pay for, as it is with honestly woven fabric in the one case, and honestly grown fibre in the other. Our social atmosphere is laden with the stench of dying souls. We are accustomed to it, and every day are paying men to keep the uncharneled dead continually in our midst. Two Million human souls in this great nation, at this hour, are going about, dead or dying, and uncharneled. Two Million human souls have a devil in them. Sixty Thousand are hurried out of time by this devil; hurried on into the Unlimited, every time we ride this globe around the sun. Dungeoned by him, in living tombs for living-dead men, are One Hundred Thousand more; while public charitable institutions hold an additional Hundred Thousand victims. Five Hundred suicides and an equal number of murders, caused every year by this devil in men, must still be added to

the terrible death-record, and then it is not complete.* Six Hundred Millions of Dollars do have very potent death-power in them, in this case; do make that power felt in this glorious country; do reach every living man and woman with it.

“The land of the free, and the home of the brave,”

sounds very well in song. How is it in fact? Verily, between Two and Three Millions of the wretchedest, dyingest slaves this world of God's ever gave room to, are here in the heart of this country; slaves to the Diabolos of relentless Appetite; slaves whose lives are failing every day under the car of this Juggernaut, ever rolling on within them. Truly, as I said before, through the illusions of the present time, things show themselves none too clearly.

The Board of State Charities of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, reported that

* See Appendix, Note A.

there were, in that State, in the year 1868, Fifty-six Thousand Three Hundred and Eighty-two "strays," or travelling vagrants,—comets in the pauper-sphere without any regular orbits. This State was disgracing herself, at that time, with a semblance of law, called a License Act, which had been preceded, however, by many years of honourable legislation. Massachusetts is certainly second to no other State in industry, and the opportunities for remunerative labour. If, therefore, we take this report as the basis of our computation, and endeavour to estimate from it the whole number of this class for the United States, we shall undoubtedly fail to come up to the actual truth. According to this estimate, however, the whole number of journeying paupers in this country cannot be less than One Million Five Hundred Thousand. We learn, from various official sources, that nearly all these people owe their destitute condition to excessive

indulgence in strong drink ; and the fact that, during this year of license legislation, the number of these people exceeded twice the number for the preceding year, when a good law was partially enforced, confirms this statement. For this increase in vagrancy in a single year, the official reports declare that there was no ascertainable cause, other than the change from prohibitive to licentious laws.

Adding now the number of convicts made such through the influence of intoxicating liquids ; the number of Almshouse and travelling paupers ; we find that of our Two Millions of drunkards, we have about Three Hundred Thousand only, not included in the criminal and pauper classes. Three Hundred Thousand are swiftly journeying to join their brethren in the Public Tombs, or homeless roads, provided for the reception of this human death-in-life, and are not yet arrived there. Still we keep their number reenforced.

From our human, toiling, living wealth, bearing the Image and superscription of a King, higher than any Cæsar, do we supply victims for liquor-vending Bacchante, and the deep chaotic Death-abodes. Truly, through the illusions of the present, these things do not clearly enough show forth themselves.

Two Millions of men created with souls in them; with innocent humanness and this God-like-ness, divineness, elected Nature's workmen; sent here to work in fellowship with her, to climb, with noble valour and heroic growth of life, the rugged years that lead up to the onward Eden never to be lost; these Two Millions of men, tempted by display of that which "biteth like a serpent," lured on from this to ever-deepening ruin; putting into the wasted and accursed millions, home and comfort, and the means of physical health and strength; become,—instead of Nature's workmen, work-soldiers,

her destroying ulcers, wasting, as from so many rotten pores, the life that God sent throbbing earthward, the true wealth of their country, her commercial riches, the bone and sinew and unseen life-force of her nobler manly and womanly workers. These millions are not only drunkards, but idlers,—wasters of the wealth produced by other men,—diseased outlets for all things which help to build up and sustain life. The world is made just so much poorer by every article consumed by them. Every mouthful of food put into Bacchante's fever-victim, every woven thread put on him, every inch of space he fills in from more healthful vacancy, every healthy atom of fresh air used by him, is, so far as the State is concerned, a dead, irrecoverable waste. Yet these Fever-men have to be supported. For every idle one of them, you and I, reader, have to work the harder; for every article we buy, because of them we have to pay the more. In every

idle brain and arm and hand there is unmined productive power, belonging licitly to the world. The fever-fire takes hold upon it,—burns it out. In place of the helpful, life-giving, beautiful things it should have wrought out of chaos into noble form and order, we have disease, swallowing into its ruin the work of others; helping to ruin the lives of others; breathing defilement into our social air; making this part of earth,—or helping to make it,—what it is.

Deep untouched coal-mines waste no life-sustaining power. Ore-veins, deep down in covered earth-strata, turn nothing into ruin, nothing into void. Rivers, free from toil, following the impulse born in them swiftly to the groaning sea, waste nothing but their own power,—injure nothing in wasting that. Plains, tickled by no tillage, tracked by no bipeds but the wide-wandering wild birds, would be healthy, harmless waste. Still, with over-strained and restless energy, with

all the fury of new inventions, do we attack these,—strive, with much sweating of the brow, much hard beating of the heart, and toiling of the brain,—to reclaim all these from waste, and make them give to the world's stock of life-adding, life-sustaining usabilities.

Vastly nobler would it be for us to redeem far higher power from waste,—from waste with dire death in it,—waste with voices loudly accusing us that we do redeem it not. Human fuel, warming this earthly life into its glow of glory,—the heat that helps in the forging of thought, the making of life's protecting armour, the bringing forth of its food; a nobler ore than God has ever yet sealed up in rock,—which glows, adorns, works, worships, lives; these ought we to bring into the places and offices ordained for them ere an earth-stratum had been laid. These are, by far, the profitablest things. They will help in the reclaiming of other

things; furnish keys which will unlock all the hidden places of the earth; unfold mysteries yet unrevealed,—forces floating in the air, or throbbing unseen in all created things; bring forth treasures which will urge starvation, nakedness, homelessness slowly off the earth. We have not yet fully learned this lesson. Through Epicureanisms, Midas-longings, it does not clearly show itself.

Added to the Six Hundred Millions of Dollars, must be the support of nearly Two Millions of idlers. Make the lowest possible estimate of this, and you swell the amount of commercial wealth wasted,—worse than wasted,—in this country, every year, to more than One Billion of Dollars. And this amount every workman, every capitalist, every person not included in the list of un-workers, helps inevitably to pay; and yet so blind are men, that there are those who would convince us that the men who are responsible for this ruinous waste,—this

growing, ominous chaos, are true political economists, and their business a licit one which cannot be removed. If it can not be,—if human laws, in harmony with the eternal, in harmony with the divinest King, can not remove it,—then Satan holds the helm of a doomed Universe; which is the one thing I am steadfastly determined never to believe.

For God's work, men could not, just now, be persuaded to pay this sum. Rebellion against God gets it with small protest from the men who are robbed; not only gets it, but knows that every dollar of it insures a larger harvest in succeeding years. That noble nations should support tyrannous or useless royalties, despotisms, Romanisms, seems to Democracy one of the awfulest things now extant. Democracy supports this despotism, sin-royalty, Diabolism, without any very perceptible grimace; hurries on, in support of it, toward a time when

departed royalties shall have accession from a continent they never dreamed of.

One result of this waste is manifest in the overwork which is the curse of American workmen. If three men exist in a miniature state of their own, one of whom is idle, it is plain that, for his support, the other two must work beyond the limits of the labour necessary to support themselves. If the three men are multiplied to any imaginable number, it still remains true, that for the idlers, whatever the number, other men must overwork; and since, in the present case, such overwork is in behalf of criminals, and public or private paupers, it is apparent that it is, in the end, unpaid. Grimed workmen down in the deep earth-arteries,—sweating at the forge,—toiling, in forest, field or factory,—are slaves to more guilty and more damned slaves. Mock them not with your sentimental cant about “nobility of labour.” There is no nobility of overwork. There is

a peculiar dignity in fruitful, earnest work, subduement of chaotic waste. There is nobility in happy, honest toil and sweat, when the darkness does not bring exhaustion, nor discouragement,—only rest from labour, and opportunity for improvement of mind; but in forced work, overwork, none; nothing but degradation, defilement, grime of the earth,—soiling body and soul,—not easily washed away. And the guilt of it all lies at the door of the debauchee and idler, and of him who made him such. Dignity? Such as may be in slavery and in vassalage! The toil of the day labourer in the ditch, or quarry, from the early to the latter twilight, that he may carry to his home, beneath his roof of boards, sufficient to sustain the hungry there, until the next day's pay comes in; destined to find starvation there, if strength gives way, or he works the less; what dignity in that, think you? Or the workman at the furnace, or in the mine, with

fevered pulse, ticking fast the seconds of his hour of life, hastening the time when the eternal death-clock, for him, shall strike its "dust to dust," carrying home from the glare or darkness, though it be considered a fair price, only enough to feed those linked to his poverty, another day,—where is the nobility of his servitude? Down in these dregs there may be nobility of manhood, toiling and suffering heroically for what it loves; but dignity of such labour? No! It is degrading, dreadful over-work. Link not nobility or dignity with that.

True, for this over-exertion they require a larger amount of pay than for the healthy work which would be asked of them, under a better administration; and there being but little competition, the employer must accede to the demand. How does this help them, when the employer must compel them to pay back the wages of such overwork, with interest, when they buy the goods they have

assisted to produce? Or, in other words, when all employers or producers, of every class, are obliged to charge exorbitantly for their goods, because of the necessary high price of the labour put into them? The labourer, even with his exhausting overwork, does not often accumulate. Selling body and soul to be stretched on the rack of toil, from the earliest hour of mocking daylight to the last, what does he gain therefrom? Denying himself advantages for mental betterment, and all life-giving recreation, eliminating all ornament and beauty from his life, he sometimes gains,—a home to die in. Rarely more, so long as he remains a common labourer. There is crime to be paid for or punished,—paupers, criminals, vagrants to be supported. His life must go into this waste. He can not sell his labour cheaply, and live honestly. Let the wages of any man's work on the steady thermometer of the American toil-market, go down to the

point ordinarily called "cheap," and the army of unworkers has a new recruit.

The manufacturer in this New World welcomed, long ago, the advent here of musculous arms and brawny hands from the fens and fogs of the Emerald Isle. He did not give attention to an appetite which came with it; and in place of the expected cheapness of labour, was a steadily advancing price. Idleness had reenforcement as well as industry. Crime and pauperism had addition to themselves. From other nations of the old continents have come many workers; and during such growth of population as was never known before, to our surprise the wages of work have been steadily growing. We can find partial explanation of this, in the fact that America presents abundant opportunities for independent labour. Were not this the case, however, with our masses of idlers, work-wages could not be very greatly reduced,

with safety. All work must have hope in it, heart in it. Home is as dear to employed as employer. When work will not keep comfort there, drive over its threshold the Want-demons, then comes quick hopelessness, quick ceasing from work, and in its turn, uncontrollable desperation and lawlessness.

Something might be done. This enormous waste might be stopped. If men would try to put away illusions and Epicureanisms, and restrain their Midas-longings for a time, it would be done. Men, once more seeing things clearly, would be capable of making an end of this godless thing; and would find that gradually many things would be added unto them. To the productive force of the State would be added the power of Four Million human arms, now burning away in guilty, maddening fire. Four Million human hands would be applied to American void and disorder; and out of chaos should be

wrought, in multiplied new creations, the things by which men live. Folded, protecting, beautifying web; health-giving, ripe fruitage; more plentiful fibre of fresh food; less of the work which is supplied for idle hands; these things would result. Two Million souls, working with hand and brain, swiftly redeeming the orderless and vacant, would hurry forward these results. Two Millions added to the grand work-army; support of these Two Millions taken from the responsibilities of other workers,—put upon themselves,—would redeem that army from the curse of overwork. Increasing the quantity of useful, helpful, beautiful things, without increase of home-demand; diminishing thus their cost; we should make cheap labour possible,—give working-men, and working-women, leisure for healthful rest, amusement, and mental betterment. We should enable the manufacturer to put into his goods, without increase of cost, instead

of feverish, hurried, half-done work,—such as American goods do notoriously bear witness of,—careful, studious, perfect work; work which might be safely put in the markets of the world. Even Free Trade might then be one of the possibilities. Is it a small thing to accomplish, but a great thing to look forward to, this: Six Hundred Millions of Dollars redeemed from waste, added to the gains of our workers, by abolishment of robbery? The possibility of this thing is, verily, no illusion. Unless time shall speedily make an end of us, this possibility shall become fact,—shall gradually, slowly, it may be, grow into fact. Bad diseases are not cured in a day. America's burning, rotting fever can not be broken up immediately by any law; but gradually, if this devil's trade is abolished, it may be broken up. Idlers, paupers, criminals, slowly shall diminish; and with such diminishing shall come, increased prosperity. The influence

of every redeemed Féver-man shall be felt *here*, while the joy in Heaven goes on over him. I am dreaming of no human Utopia; am only praying, in all earnestness, for the advent of a time when men shall see more clearly, and shall act more wisely; when the hovels and crowded tenements of my country's workers shall change more rapidly to cottages; when the disorder and rank filth about them shall change to bloom and order.

Shame be upon us, if inurement of present evils and disorders shall do the devil's work of making us believe them all to be inevitable and uneradicable; if a blameful, inexcusable, school-boy recklessness shall hinder us from making any effort to remove them; if instead, we allow them to remove prosperity from us, and us from a high place among the nations of civilization. Shame be upon us, if, with the giant's frame, we only fill it with deformity and dwarf-life.

Curse not the idlers, you who have a hand in making them such; you who sanction the liquid roots of idleness! Complain not of the waste, and consequent tax, you who vote to open wide the gates of law, and let crime flow, flooding your country! Though your hearts grow sick, at sight of some poor, pitious wretch, crawling in hopeless fever and abandonment, slowly no-whither on God's Earth, appetite ruling and ruining him; though you pass by sadly on the other side, when some weak, wearied workman, with only dust and vacancy in the purse of him, finds only discouragement in the heart of him, as sickness enters the home where want has always been; though you turn from the sight, when the mother in that home, with the weary, pain-and-patience look, which is no stranger to motherhood, tries to gather the worn rags into one more day of covering for child-nakedness; yet remember, citizen of my country, for the sadness of that scene

you are, in part, responsible! In you, God has put some governing power. Democracy gives you an opportunity to make it felt. In place of the semblance,—no-government,—which gives increase to these sadnesses,—out of which crimes do grow,—you are called upon to exert it; to array yourself upon the side of government, law, conscience, reason, God; to fight there, as a brave God's soldier, all things which do oppose these, the increase of all lawless businesses, illusions, customs, which live by triumph over law, or by victory of passion over men; to fight these bravely off the earth. When you have done that, Plenty shall rule here instead of Want; happy, peaceful, rewarded work shall take the place of over-toil; ignorance, brute-mindedness, rebellious, fiery passion, shall give way to advancing culture, advancing civilization; in place of ragged, lean and surly poverty, haughty and yet helpless, shall be a greater degree of comfort and

equality for all; and government shall find, in the hearts of the people, the executive force of kind, good, honourable law, instead of the Chaos-forces which defy law. Six Hundred Millions of Dollars redeemed to our workmen,—sent to them, as though from Heaven, in another Manna-fall,—surely would amount to something; surely would help to bring these things about. But the curse is far deeper than any outside view of men reveals it to be. Misery has no cure in any outward thing alone. Sources of un-comfort are not external wholly. In the inmost heart of man, the deep, divinely-fashioned soul of him, marred by temptations yielded to, there is work to be done. In the absence of this

“ You will not compass your poor ends
Of barley-feeding, and material ease.”

In the absence of this, the condition of men,—or classes of men,—can not be greatly bettered. In absence of this, material things

do but feed the life-wasting, and ruin-working ulcer. Millions of Dollars,—in the hands of avaricious men blinded by illusions,—devoted to the work of corrupting hearts, and taking away of human souls, is not a small thing. It is a monster-evil, built,—I do assure you,—of something beside lily-dust and moonbeams. Rid the earth of this monster, abolish the death-work, and if no Utopia may be found, these things of comfort,—deep-laid bulwarks of certain peace,—shall gradually be given. Taking up, for once, God's work, helping men, with some little hope to pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" taking away the temptations; we shall surely find that all these things shall be added unto us.

As God's years hurry forward, phantasies and illusions do surely fade away, and men see clearer. There is a certain After-sight; to guilty men a terrible, to unwise, blind,

uncaring men a sad and shaming After-sight. Epicureanisms, illusions, Midas-longings, phantasies, phantasms, falsities, sins, all change to that. Time is a great Metamorphoser, a great Teacher, a great Master of Illusions. Slowly,—as a man who has so much to do, in the on-coming years, that it becomes him not to hurry now to get it done,—yet surely, effectually, does he master them. American eyes have yet to be anointed, touched by him, until they see the waste and ruin in our midst, and the end, towards which,—along the foreheads of Two Million human beings,—a flaming sword of death-dealing Fever, threatfully is pointing us.

An Egyptian king, back among the primal entities, heeded not the divine voices. He, too, was blinded by illusions. He, too, believed that he could run the machinery of his kingdom in defiance of the spoken laws of God. He, too, believed that human government, business, was one thing; the divine

commandments and fatalities another and far distant thing. To him, at last, as the Leader of the Exodus stretched a single hand out toward the sea, and the overwhelming waves came, death-laden, upon the unwheeled chariots,—there came, for a moment, awful after-sight. Epicureanism was forgotten. The illusion faded. Pharaoh, in that death-hour, saw things clearly.

Illusions began earlier than this. In Dothan-wild, before this, men with deep Midas-yearnings, sold manhood into slavery. On wild Dothan-plains, Joseph's nomadic brethren "transacted business" with the wandering Ishmaelites; transacted there a guilty and inthralling business,—less evil than Bacchante's, yet bad enough. Years afterward, in an Egyptian palace, those bad brethren had a shaming aftersight. The illusion had perished away; guilt, bitter guilt had come.

Are these things too far distant? Illusions have been, in far later years. Mighty nations,

ere the birth of ours, refused to put themselves in harmony with God. One Man, destined to be thorn-crowned, glory-crowned, said to an ancient nation of its Temple: There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down. Illusions were among that people, and this Man, between two thieves, was put to death. The people of that nation, scattered to the verges of the earth, despised wherever they may be, have opportunity for after-sight. In spite of stubbornness, they have left behind them some illusions.

In France, some years ago, Aristocracy, blinded by Epicureanism, seemed to think that poverty and overwork could go on under God's sky, supporting it for ever. Men and women died along the roads of France; were trodden under the feet of Monseigneur's horses; crushed, as though they had been rats, under his carriage-wheels in the streets of the cities of France. Monseigneur thought

this could go on for ever. With his head on the bloody block, awaiting there the avenging descent of the knife of La Guillotine, Monseigneur found the illusion gone. In that bloody Revolution, La Guillotine brought like fearful after-thought, and fearful death, to all the Messeigneurs then in France. In that moment of after-thought, things were seen clearly.

Is this, still, too far in the buried deeps of the past? In this year of our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy, in that same France, one Louis Napoleon, puffed up with much vanity of power; blinded by thick mists of illusion; working not in harmony with God and the eternal things; forgetting the command, "Thou shalt not kill;" went forth from his palaces, to make war upon a neighbour-nation, and so perpetuate his tyranny over men. He counted this a very possible thing to do, God still ruling among the worlds. That was an illusion. Napoleon,

to-day a prisoner of war, in his enemy's palace of Wilhelmshe, has grand opportunity for after-sight. Napoleon, no longer L'Empereur, would give half of France, if time could roll backward a little way, and he could have clear foresight of things a little. France is no longer his to give. At Wilhelmshe, Monsieur Napoleon now sees things somewhat clearer.

Is this, still, too far away? Verily, in these United States, not many years ago, Monseigneur of the South, took up an illusion. He trusted that he could enslave men for ever, and, aided by Cotton, control this great nation. He thought that he could find some success in other than harmony with God. Some of his illusions passing away, he thought to secure himself in others by a warlike attempt at establishment of a great Slave-Empire, in which he could live by the degradation of men and women. After a terrible war, which slaughtered the sons of

Monseigneur, deprived him of his power, his property, his position; made him an outlaw and a beggar; he has time for after-sight and cursing of the illusion.

The phantasms which hide from men our ruinous waste of commercial wealth; prevent them from seeing clearly what should be done to make an end of it, and its sad results; prevent them from seeing the end toward which their country is hurrying on; will some day pass away. Whether it be too late, or not, things will clearlier show themselves. If sufficient fore-sight shall come speedily, it will be well. If not, after-sight will come, in the midst of a mighty Ruin.

There is yet an Impending Crisis. Ominous, fateful, it hangs over us. With the flashing of the swords, the thunder of crashing and mangling death, it may not decide itself, but it can not be escaped. It is a dark cloud, lighted at times by the sunlight of

hope, as the days hasten on ; to unfold finally the glory of the great Love-presence,—by more of wisdom merited,—which shall lead us on in triumph ; or, to issue its bolt of condemnation, and send a people which respects not God, down to Plutonian Shores of national disgrace and ruin. Citizens, Comrades in the World-army ! the responsibility is upon you. Before an unveiled Love, far up in star-set spaces, by all of us unmerited, you soon will have after-sight of all. The last illusion will have faded away for ever.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

IN confirmation of some statements made in this book, which to the unreflective reader, may possibly seem overstatements, I take pleasure in reprinting the following cry of alarm from a not-easily-alarmed newspaper,—the New York Tribune.

THE MORAL OF THE LAST MURDER.

Another murder, atrocious in itself and alarming in its suggestions, disgraced the city on Saturday night. A party of Germans, quietly seated in a saloon, were intruded upon by a number of ruffians crazed with drink, who, not content with refusing to pay for liquor they had ordered and drunk, invaded the private portion of the house, and heaped upon women the most infamous epithets. Cajoled, rather than forced from the house, they assaulted it from the street with a shower of stones, and one of the missiles struck and killed an inmate as he was closing the door against the rioters. The young desperadoes—the oldest of them not twenty—had roamed for hours unchecked through the streets, and dispersed unmolested after ending the orgies of the night with this foul murder, although it appears three of them have since been arrested.

All men can see that this crime means something more vital than the wanton killing of a peaceable citizen. Coupling it with the other affairs which have been so numerous since Tammany tore down the sluice-gates that checked the flood of rum and ruin, *this murder means the swift on-coming of uncontrollable lawlessness.* When the Legislature, at the bidding of the Sachems, unshackled the liquor traffic, we protested against the measure, because *experience had shown that in a great city like this the restraints of law were absolutely necessary.* The result of the repeal of the Metropolitan Excise law was inevitable; it has come upon us sooner than we feared.

Already paupers have increased and criminals have been multiplied. Within four months from the repeal of the Excise law, the weekly arrests have increased from an average of less than 1,100 to an unparalleled total of 2,137, the record

of last week. This fact speaks volumes, but it does not tell all. The scores of murders, the daily, almost hourly, affrays, the instant recourse to the knife or pistol, the startling increase in drunkenness in the streets, the indifference of the Tammany officials charged with the administration of the law—these are the details of the alarming story.

NOTE A.

A statement by J. H. Orne, Esq., the official head of the Order of Good Templars for North America, is authority for my statement as to the actual number of drunkards in the United States. Estimates, and partial statistics, from other sources, seem rather to increase the number given, than to diminish it. To published statements by Rev. Samuel J. May, author of "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict,"—to Rev. W. M. Thayer, Secretary of the Mass. State Temperance Alliance, and to various public officials, I am indebted for other figures given in this book.

NOTE B.

A writer in one of the political papers, states that in his opinion, crime is not now increasing in this country; that the impression, that within the last twenty-five years, all the varieties of crime have steadily increased, is due to increased facilities for reporting them, and an increased population. This would surely be a very comfortable view of the case, if one could live on in heroic disregard of facts. Records will show, that in almost any given locality, crime has been, for twenty-five years, very steadily increasing, and that for the last five years, the increase has been very rapid and alarming. I must be understood, however, as excepting from the conditions of this statement localities where there has been approximation to the kind of law prayed for in this book. In Maine, for instance, where a Prohibitive Law has been in force, and where hanging has become *nearly* extinct, there has been a very considerable diminishing in crime, especially of the more sickening and terrible forms of crime; a fact which, it seems to me, is somewhat significant.

POSTSCRIPT.

The appearance of this book has been unavoidably delayed, beyond the expected time of publication. I trust, however, that its readers will rather gain, than lose, by the delay, and will therefore very readily grant me their full pardon.







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